

closes with a brief sketch of the war, the revolution and the author's flight. Kokovtsoff lacked Witte's rugged strength, but nobody worked more faithfully or efficiently for the Tsarist regime than Stolypin's successor as President of the Council, who may be described as a moderate Conservative. That he was dismissed from his post and replaced by Goremykin, a nerveless old reactionary, was a fresh illustration of the baneful influence of the Tsarina and the Tsar's preference for second-rate men. At the parting interview with his master neither could restrain his tears. When he saw him for the last time in January, 1917, he was shocked by the change. "He had become almost unrecognisable. His face had grown very thin and hollow and covered with small wrinkles. His eyes had become faded and wandered aimlessly from object to object."

Trotzky's autobiography was written in embittered exile when Stalin had taken the reins from the dying hands of their common master. The intellectual power of the organiser of the Red Army and the Foreign Minister grips the reader from the start, and he writes as well as he used to speak. His record of the peace negotiations at Brest-Litovsk is extremely vivid. When he mentioned the German Government, General Hoffmann interrupted him in a voice hoarse with anger: "I do not represent the German Government here, but the German High Command." His object, he confesses, was to delay the negotiations: it was Lenin who insisted on making peace. The darker features of "what Trotzky describes as the most revolutionary regime ever known to humanity are toned down, and we must look elsewhere for information on the wholesale slaughter which inaugurated and disgraced the Soviet experiment. His later and more ambitious work,

*History of the Russian Revolution*, though less personal, may be regarded as a further instalment of a large scale apologia. The drama is described from a different angle but with equal authority in Kerensky's spirited work *The Catastrophe*.

Since Berchtold's eagerly awaited apologia, though nearly completed, has not appeared, and Conrad's Memoirs are little more than a vast storehouse of documents, we pass to Italy, where Giolitti occupies the centre of the stage. The most accomplished Parliamentary manager of his time records decades of service from the days of Crispi to his final Premiership after the world war. There is no charm or colour in this frigid autobiography, and the story of the stealthy preparations